

Terraqueous

By Robin Happel

How strange this unyielding ground beneath our feet,
This still and silent shell of a world terraqueous
Why, indeed, do we rejoice at the feat
Of meandering over land, when we long to be
In the shimmering waters? Pearlescent, entrancing
Laughing blissfully on the rocks, and dancing
In the honey sun, slender dragonflies whirring
About the ripples, so captivating, eternally luring
Dreamful wanderers, who stop and wonder why
They never before remarked this secret stream,
Singing its melodic song, winding like a dream
Half-remembered before vanishing once again
Into the trees, solemn, towering denizens –

Indeed, here one might think all else pretend,
All the traffic, the chaos, the noise and pollution,
All the human cares with seemingly no solution –
And yet, even here has our world begun to intrude,
The creeping hum of highways banishing solitude,
The glint of castaway commodities catching the rays
Of the sun that once shone on this secretive brook,
Bubbling watcher of warm and carefree days
Spent exploring each mesmerizing, magic nook –

Until the child who splashed in this water grew older,
And gradually the fanciful notions grew colder,
And at last forgotten was the sparkling lullaby
Of that stream on warm, starry summer nights,
And as memory faded, pollution took hold
Remnants of hearts grown jaded and cold,
And as the last contaminated trickle ran dry,
The forest still waited for someone to wonder why,
In a world of wonders, of achievements galore,
Of vertiginous buildings, and machines that soar,
Some never bother to see the natural miracles at their feet,
When the Earth's heart is breaking with each desperate beat.